state authorities. As the sun reached the meridian its rays came down so pitilessly, and with such scorching fervor, that the four guards who kept watch over the miserable convicts were compelled to seek shelter under the few scattered pines which dotted little knolls in different parts of

Lazily reclining on the grass, the guards played with their battered old muskets, and kept a keen lookout for the slightest indication of lagging work or insubordination on the part of the eighty prisoners who were engaged in hoeing cotton.

There was little danger of the convicts escaping. A heavy ball and chain were attached to each man and it was difficult to make much headway. The guards were always vigilant, and when it was necessary they had a pack of trained bloodhounds in reserve for the pursuit and capture of fugitives.

Suddenly one of the guards looked at his

"Dinner time!" he exclaimed, and raising a whistle to his lips he blew a keen blast, which was heard all over the field. The effect was magical. Every hoe fell to the ground, and four squads of convicts were soon sitting in the shade devouring their scanty rations of corn bread, bacon and greens. Forgetting their miseries for a time, these unfortunates reveled in the enjoyment of their rude repast. The clinking of their chains was interspersed with bursts of hoarse laughter over an occasional joke, such jokes as are never heard outside of a chain gang camp.

During the progress of the meal one of the guards was attracted by the peculiar conduct of a prisoner in one of the squads. Approaching him the guard said in a surly

"See here, Joe, no shamming now; it won't do, you know. No sickness al-

The convict looked up with a start, looked into the cruel eyes of a cruel face, and saw no mcrey there. "Curse you!" he snarled. "I wonder if

you have a heart." "Think I have," replied the other nonchalantly, "but that has nothing to do | ited gallants who were the acknowledged with your case, my friend. Our worthy ladykillers of Bagatelle was unquestionhost, Col. Clay, is of the opinion that a ably Mr. Richard Macon. convict never gets sick-he only shamsand as his instructions are to punish every | students of human nature who occasioncase of shamming with thirty-nine lashes, ally made him a special study. Young, well laid on, I have nothing to do but to handsome, possessed of abundant means obey orders. You understand?" The convict looked up into the face of

The guard looked down into the face of

Tall and erect, youthful and handsome, making allowance for the cruel eyes and face, the guard, despite his rough jeans suit, looked like a man who had seen better days. And his history did not run | manly sport and pastime, from a rowing counter to his appearance. Five years be- match to a game of croquet, it was not fore Dick Macon had been one of the spoiled darlings of society. The gaming table and the wine cup had sent him down at headlong speed to his present level; had reduced him to the necessity of accepting the position of chain gang guard on Jefferson Clay's convict plantation.

The prisoner, whose keen black eyes were scanning the relentless face above him, was a middle aged man, whose slight frame showed that he was ill fitted to bear the hardships of his situation. His restless eyes, haggard face, trembling hands and husky voice would have awakened pity as well as contempt in the breast of almost any obs aver. There was nothing novel in the spec-

tacle to Dick Macon, however, and bring-"You'd better take care, Joe-you'll get a licking before night if you don't get

about your work quicker." Joe bowed his head and muttered: "Twenty thousand dollars, and I was fool enough to think of giving him half.

I'll bide my time." "What's that?" asked Dick Macon

"Nothing," answered Joe, with his head stilf bent down.

"Joe!" said the guard. "Well" was the snappish response. "I want to know, you rascal, what you

meant by your allusion to \$20,000." "Oh, it was nothing," replied the other. "It was mere madness on my part. meant that I would give half of the \$20,-000 that I have securely hidden away if I could once get out of this blastedd lace." "You lying scoundrel," laughed the guard, "do you think you can make me tumble to that sort of racket? You never

had \$20,000 in your life." "Liar, yourself!" shouted Joe, with a sudden flash of fire in his wolfish eyes. "What am I here for, Dick Macon?" "Humph!" said Dick, "murder, I be-

"Correct," returned the convict. "Murder it was. I was convicted on circumstantial evidence, and owing to that fact I saved my neck, and was sent up for life. But with that murder was connected a robbery. When old Henderson was killed he had on his person money and valuable jewels amounting to a small

The guard looked at the other convicts. They were a little distance off, quarreling over their rations.

"Did you ever hear that the plunder was found?" asked Joe, with a cunning

"Don't know that I ever did," said Dick, "but still it may have been found." "Not by a -- sight!" answered Joe with great energy. "The booty is safe enough, and I could lay my hand on it in forty-eight hours if I could just get out of this cursed camp."

"What will you give for freedom asked Dick with a provoking grin. "Half!" cried the prisoner. thousand dollars to the man who releases me from this infernal place and puts me beyond pursuit!" and he looked eagerly into the guard's inscrutable face.

Dick Macon whistled a lively tune, turned as if to walk off, and then wheeled abruptly about. "Take a couple of buckets, you lazy slouch!" he shouted to the convict. "I

must have some fresh water here, and we must go to the spring to get it. I say, Bill," he called to one of the other guards, "just bring your gang over here, and watch my pets while I go for some water." Bill did as directed, and Joe, laden with two empty buckets, limped along in the direction of the spring, closely followed by Dick Mecon, with his musket thrown carelessly over his arm.

The spring was about 300 yards from the other convicts and their guards, and was concealed from their view by inter-

The guard and the convict remained at the spring some time, so long, in fact, that their thirsty comrades left behind be-

The loud report of a musket in the neighborhood of the spring plunged the chain gang and the guard into the great-

What was the matter? Had Dick Macon fired upon Joe in the act of escaping? Had Joe wrested the musket from Dick and shot him? These were the questions asked among the convicts. The affair was explained in a moment. Dick Macon made his appearance, run-

ning at full speed. He was almost breathless when he came into the gang of "I had to kill him," he gasped. "I was

sorry enough to have to do it, but he

turned on me all of a sudden with a big stone in his hand, and if I had been a secand later he would have killed me." Some of the prisoners murmured at this. statement, but the ominous "click" of

the muskets quieted them, and after a brief consultation a trusty was dispatched to the house to inform Col. Clay of the ac-

The wealthy convict lessee swore roundly at first, but after a little reflection

"By jove! I'm glad the fellow's gone. He was a heap of trouble a pow ful sight of trouble-couldn't do a fair day's work, and always stirring the other men, to mutiny-it's the best thing that could

have happened.;" The trusty returned to the field bearing from Col. Clay the laconic message, "It's all right," and the work of the day went on as usual. When the prisoners knocked off work at

sundown they were marched to the stockade, in which they were always penned up at night, and two men were sent out with a guard to bury the dead man. No coroner's inquest was held. It was not likely that anybody would raise a stir

over so trifling an event as the shooting of a chain gang malefactor. A grave was hastily dug near the place where the body lay, and the carcass was dumped into a hole and covered over with dirt.

In a week the affair was forgotten. Matters at the camp moved on as usual, with the exception of the illness of Dick Macon. This young man fell ill without any warning, and after a few days resigned his position, saying that he would have to seek some lighter employment. The great convict lessee swore at Dick, but finally parted with him in a tolerably good humor. The thought never crossed his mind that the shooting of Joe had anything to do with the illness of the guard and his desire for a change of scene and

So Dick Macon drew what wages were due him and flitted away one morning, whither no one knew or cared to know.

The season at Bagatelle Springs was at its height. Visitors who had not missed a season for twenty years declared with contagious enthusiasm that Bagatelle had never appeared to better advantage. The hotel was filled with guests and the cottages were well patronized. Fairer women and braver men were never assembled together to trifle away the days and engage in midnight revels.

The gayest of all the gay and high spir-

This young man was a riddle to the few and regarded with undisguised favor by more than one of the reigning belles, there appeared to be every reason why young Macon should be a thoroughly happy man. That he was, not happy, in spite of his bright sallies, was plain to all who cared to see. The days passed, and Macon was engaged in a continuous round of pleasure. Athletic and proficient in every surprising that his time should be fully

Nobody knew anything against Mr Richard Macon, and yet there was a feeling unpleasant surprise in the gay circle at Bagatelle when it was known that the young man had won the heart and a promise of the hand of Irene Murray, the prettiest little blonde beauty at the springs. Still it was difficult to give a reason for this. Miss Murray was an heiress, the only child of a widowed mother who had came to Bagatelle in reality for her health, and not to set her cap for a second husband. But Macon was a handsome, generous fellow, a little moody and queer at times, but in the main genial and clever, and, better than ing his musket down with a vicious all, the owner of certain mining stocks which paid him fabulous dividends. His antecedents were not known, but he claimed kinship with highly respectable families well known to the social world, and no one questioned his story.

It was the last night of Irene Murray's stay at Bagatelle. On the morrow she and her mother were to return home. The two lovers had much to say to each other, and they preferred to say it away from the glare of the ballroom, and away from day, and he, for an answer, merely folded the sounds of flying feet and the watering place band.

As they promenaded on the spacious piazza of the hotel, Irene said, as her loving eyes rested upon the handsome face of her escort: "Now. Richard, dear, you will follow

"In ten days at farthest, my darling," answered Richard. "I am waiting for a business letter which may call me to New York, but even in that case my stay will be short, and you will see me before you have begun to miss me."

"Richard," said the fair girl with tinge of melancholy in her tone, "there is only one thing needed to make me perfectly happy. "Ha! ha!" laughed Richard, "you

would have the old lady view me with more favorable eyes." "That is just it," was the earnest answer. "Mamma is all I have left and I

do desire to please her, and yet her prejudices are so unreasonable." "Of course I think so, as they are leveled at me," said Richard; "but never mind, dear, her prejudices will vanish when she sees how devoted I am to you,

and how we love each other." "I hope so," Irene replied, seriously and with a tremor of her rosebud mouth. "Of course they will," answered the lover, cheerily; "no prejudice will be proof against such love as mine!"

The two continued their promenade, but finally paused where the light from the ballroom windows fell upon them. "I have a little present for you," said Richard Macon, with a strange, intense

ring in his voice. "It is an heirloom in our family, and has been for a couple of centuries, I suppose; I have always kept t concealed from profane eyes, with the intention of giving it to my promised The girl's face grew radiant as she raised her eyes with an expectant look.

Clumsily and with singular awkward-

ness for one so graceful and self-possessed,

Richard drew from his breast pocket a jewel case. Silently opening it, he exposed to the astonished vision of the beautiful girl a quaint and rare necklace of glittering diamonds in just such an antique setting as would have delighted a Florentine jeweler in the middle ages. "Richard!" the cry escaped Irene's lips in an agonized tone, as she grasped the

"Isn't it pretty?" said Richard, with an injured look. "Oh, merciful heavens!" exclaimed Irene. "Can't I be mistaken? No, it is too evident-how did you come by this necklace, Richard? Did you say it was an

necklace and held it to the light.

heirloom in your family?" "What a racket!" said Richard, turning pale and speaking very rapidly. "Yes, it is an ancient heirloom in our family my great-great-grandmother used to wear it; it has never been out of the family since it was purchased by an ancestor of mine, in Paris, I think.

Irene gave another searching glance at the necklace, and then clutched it tightly "Richard Macon," she said, in calm, clear tones, "this was never an heirloom

in your family." "What can you mean-you are beside yourself!" gasped Richard. "I mean." returned Irene, with a piercing glance, "that this necklace is one of the articles my poor murdered father had with him when he was killed and robbed in Georgia four years ago." "Pshaw!" cried Richard. "It may rethat he died a natural death.—Paris Cor.

semble it, but of course it cannot be the

same. Don't I know that it has always been in our family? You are losing your

"I am not mistaken," was the agitated reply. "I have handled this necklace too often to be mistaken. Why, here is the private mark, placed there by my father one day in my presence. I well recollect that he said at the time that the mark might some day aid in identifying the necklace if it should ever be lost. It is the same, and now, Richard Macon, how came you by this precious heirloom?"

"Your question is an insult," was the hot answer. "Give me the necklace." "Never! This matter must be explained. I must know if your hands are stained with my father's blood." "Confound it!" said Richard, "I never

even heard that Mr. Murray was murdered. Your talk is the maddest mystery in the world to me." "My father's name was Henderson!" said the girl sternly. "He was murdered and robbed 'in a lonely place among the

mountains of Georgia. He had with him a large sum of money and this jewelry. A poor devil was tried for the murder, found guilty and sent to the chain gang for life. The money and jewels were not found on him, and he always protested his innocence -perhaps he told the truth." "You said your father's name was Hen-

"Yes. After his death a wealthy bachelor brother of my mother died and left her a large fortune on condition that she should resume the family name of Murray, and the condition was exacted of myself. We accepted the terms, but when a foul murder is to be avenged, Irene Murray remembers that she is Irene Hender-

Richard Macon looked dumbfounded.

"I swear" - he began. "I will not hear you!" exclaimed Irene, her eyes flashing fire. "You began with a lie-you called the necklace an heirloom -you will lie on to the end of the chapter if I permit it! If you have any statement to make explaining how the necklace came into your possession, you may pro-

For a moment Richard Macon looked like some wild animal at bay. Then, recollecting himself, he made a profound bow and said:

"I shall leave you now, Irene-you are in no mood to listen to reason. In the morning you will laugh at your conduct of to-night and will beg my pardon. shall leave you here. Au revoir!" and with a mocking smile he kissed his hand and walked rapidly away, leaving Irene standing like a statue, with the necklace clutched tightly in her hand.

When morning came, just as the gray light was chasing the darkness away, a pistol shot rang through the hetel. There was a rushing to and fro, and finally crowd of servants and boarders stood in Richard Macon's room, gazing upon the dead body of the suicide as it lay stretched upon the bed, with a pistol firmly grasped

in the right hand. Richard Macon had taken his own life. It was not the fear of the law that impelled him to this rash step-he felt able to hold his own against the world. But he knew that no deceit, however artful, would clear him in the eyes of Irene Murray, and death was a thousand times preferable to life with the ever present sense of her loathing and confident suspicion of

The miserable man left a sealed letter for Irene Murray. In it was a true recital of the facts of the case. The proposition of the convict Joe was stated, and the writer told how he yielded to temptation -how he induced the prisoner, by promising him freedom, to disclose the hiding place of Henderson's money and jewels, and how, when he had ascertained what he wanted, he had treacherously and coolly shot the convict down like a dog, and afterward made use of the scoundrel's hidden plunder. The letter was written with devilishness coolness, but at the close the writer expressed his undying affection for Irene, and begged her to forgive his madness, folly and guilt.

The butterflies of the social world at Bagatelle could not fathom the mystery of Macon's suicide. They did not know the contents of his letter to Irene, and it was not until Irene was happily married, a couple of years later, that any one knew it. She told her husband all about it one her in his arms and kissed her.-Wallace P. Reed in Atlanta Constitution.

Shooting at Gen. Pleasonton. Gen. Pleasonton says that during his career he has been in 105 different engagements and has never been wounded. At Brandy Station a certain Confederate sharpshooter was ordered to pick him off. He got within 400 yards of the general, took careful aim, and shot, a member of the staff on the left. He fired again and killed a man on the right. Then he crawled up nearer and waited till Pleasonton was perfectly stationary. He fired and again missed his target. The sharpshooter then gave up in despair, declaring that he had never before failed to hit after three shots. A few days ago he sent his compliments to Gen. Pleasonton.-Chicago Tribune.

Death Penalty in Ethiopa.

Among Ethiopians, when sentence of leath was to be pronounced upon any person there was brought to the wrongdoer a table upon which an owl was painted. This was the supreme moment, and the guilty individual was expected to kill himself with his own hand immediately.-Harper's Bazar.

Hotel "Chair Warmers." "Chair warmers" are quite abundant this winter. Look into a hotel office almost any day and it will be noticed that all the chairs are occupied and that there are people pacing about who can't get a chair to sit down. These people are not regular or even casual guests. They haven't anywhere to go to keep out of the cold and so drop into the hotels. Many of them are poor devils out of work. Some of them look anxious and dejected; others twitch about nervously and occasionally get up and take a turn around the room; a third class reads. Most of these people are respectable looking. The reading element is quite large. Some have newspapers or magazines and some have paper covered books. They sit for hours and hours immersed in the literature with which they have provided themselves, only getting up to move when the sweepers come around with their disturbing brooms to gather up the dirt and litter on the tiling. The same people are to be seen day after day, and their faces are as familiar to the hotel clerks as those of the permanent guests.-St. Paul Pioneer

Why the Czar Killed Him.

It is now certain that Maj. (not Count or Gen.) Reutern was killed by the czar under the following circumstances: The czar had set him to write letters which would take him two hours, and had told him to bring them to him when ready. Maj. Reutern consequently calculated on being left undisturbed for a couple of hours, and though working in a room adjoining the czar's, fixed a cigar in a cigar holder and began smoking. The czar suddenly re-entered. Reutern, confused at being caught smoking, hastily placed the eigar and holder behind his back. The czar fancied he saw a pistol about to be fired. He drew a revolver and shot Reutern. He was aghast on discovering his mistake, and sent one of his trustiest aides de camp to the Reutern family to explain the fatal misconception and express his deep regret. The family not only did not give the newspapers the information of Reutern's death, but still maintain

London Times.

Largest Fancy Goods House in New Jersey

THE BEE HIVE.

NEWARK.

UPHOLSTERY DEPARTMENT.

It will pay the people of Bloomfield and vicinity to visit the UPHOL STERY DEPARTMENT at THE BEE HIVE in Newark.

SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS: WINDOW SHADES with Hartshorn Rollers at 28c.

Plain HOLLAND SHADES, extra quality, with fringe at 49c. Handsome Goods in dado Styles with fringe at 69, 75, and 98c. Good values in HOLLANDS at 10, 19 and 29c. A large stock of MADRAS LACE at 10, 15, 19, 25, 29 and 35c.

All the latest Styles in fancy SCRIMS at 9, 10, 15, 19, 25, and 38c. NEW GOODS IN TURCOMAN MADRAS AND LACE CURTAINS SPECIAL BARGAINS at 1.98, 2.49, 3.39, 4.25, 4.57, 5.98, 6.87, 7.87, 8.98 and \$9 97. THE LARGEST STOCK IN THE CITY IN TABLE AND PIANO COVERS Extra values in RAW SILKS at 1.48, 1.95, 2.89, 3.68 and \$4.47.

Embroidered FELT and PLUSH COVERS, new designs at 98c., 1.48, 2.39 and \$2.95. Choic Goods in Embroidered FELT PLUSH LAMBREQUINS and SCARFS at 98c., 1.48, 2 98, 3.87, 4.75, 5.98, 7.25, 8.47, 10.89, 15.75 and \$19.00. Cretonnes, Colored Canton Flannels, Ramies and all kinds of Tapestries at very low

Furniture GIMPS and FRINGES in all styles. CURTAIN POLES all lengths and colors at 19, 29, 39, 48, 58, 69, 79 and 98c. a set. CURTAIN CHAINS, SHADE PULLS, and all kinds of Curtain fixtures.

All sizes and styles of RUGS and MATS. Good sixed MAT at 59c. SMYRNA RUGS, very cheap for the quality, at 93c., 1.48, 1.98, 2.47, 3.24, 4.69, 5.50

Mail Orders promptly attended to. L. S. PLAUT & CO. 715 to 719 Broad street, NEWARK, N. J.

During January and February our Stores close at 6 P. M., except Saturday.

COLYER & CO.,

THE NEWARK

CLOTHIERS,

815 and 817 BROAD ST.

THOS. B. ALLEN, Confectioner

Caterer.

691 Broad St., Newark, N. J. Weddings, Dinners and Receptions

GIVEN SPECIAL ATTENTION. FIRST-CLASS MUSIC FURNISHED. Ladies' and Gents' Dining Rooms.

A Large and Fresh stock of Confectionery contantly on hand. JOHN G. KEYLER,

DEALER IN FURNITURE

Bloomfield Avenue,

Of Every Description. Parlor and Chamber Suits, Bureaus, Bedsteads, Sofas, Lounges, What

Nots, Book-Shelves and Cases, Brackets, Looking Glasses, Etc. Mattresses and Spring Beds ALWAYS ON HAND.

WUpholstering and Repairing done with neatness.

Charles Garrabrant, Manufacturer of and Dealer in

Ladies' and Gents' Fine Shoes Fall and Winter Styles now ready. . All

grades and prices to suit customers, in Ladies', Gents' and Childrens' Shoes. Custom Work a Specialty.

885 Broad St., Newark, N. J.

Wall Papers, Hollands, Window Shades AND SHADE FIXTURES.

Largest assortment of New styles in the city,

M. A. GREGORY,

Marble and Marbleized Slate

MANTELS.

Encaustic and Art Tiling,

Open Fire Place Grates, Etc.

572 Broad St., corner Fulton,

Newark, N. J.

in Ring, Gilt or Flats; also, a select line in English and French Paper Hangings. Paper Hanging, Decorating and Fresco Painting done in City or Country. Estimates cheerfully given for Shading, Papering and Painting

MICHAEL WALSH, 609 Broad Street, Newark, N. J.

of Houses. Special prices to real estate agents

Directly opposite Trinity Church.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES.

\$75,000 WORTH OF

L. S. PLAUT & CO. Furniture and Carpets at Cost. 715, 717 & 719 BROAD ST. SPECIAL SALE

PREVIOUS TO TAKING ACCOUNT OF STOCK.

AMOS H. VAN HORN,

Offers His Immense Stock at the Following Prices.

73 Market Street, Newark, N. J.

CARPETS.

50c. per yard for 25 pieces Velvet. \$35 for Cherry Bedroom Suit, worth \$50 for Cherry Bedroom Suit, worth \$50 for Cherry Bedroom Suit, worth \$75 for pieces all wool Ingrain

PARLOR SUITS. \$30.00 per suit for 50 Parlor Suits in Reor Haircloth. \$50.00 per suit for 25 Parlor Suits in Plush es and Raw Silk.

\$75 for Parlor Suity, reduced from \$100. WALNUT BEDROOM SUITS. \$40 for Walnut Bedroom Suit, marble

top, worth \$50. \$65 for Walnut Bedroom Suit, marble top, worth \$75. \$75 for Walnut Bedroom Suit, marble top,

ANTIQUE OAK BEDROOM SUITS. \$30 for Antique Oak Bedroom Suit, worth taries, etc., excels any stock in the city \$40 for Antique Oak Bedroom Suit, worth \$50 for Antique Oak Bedroom Suit, worth

ASH BEPROOM SUITS.

\$22.50 for Ash Bedroom Suit. \$30 for Ash Bedroom Suit, worth \$40. \$40 for Ash Bedroom Suit, worth \$50. \$60 for Ash Bedroom Suit, worth \$75. CHERRY BEDROOM SUITS.

ENAMELED BEDROOM SUITS. per suit for 25 Enameled Bedroom

Suits to close them out. MATTRESS & BEDDING DEPT. 15 will buy a good Hair Mattress, worth

\$10 will buy a good Hair Mattress, worth will buy a good Hair Top Mattress, worth \$10. 33 will buy a good Mixed Mattress, worth

My stock of Lounges, Marble Top Tables, Hall Stands, Chairs Extension Tables, Writing Desks, Bookcases, Secre-

STOVES AND RANGES. My Stove and Range Department is well stocked with all the latest styles of Parlor.

Oilcloth, Matting, Mats, Rugs, Bed

Springs, Windows Shades, etc., in endless variety at extremely low prices. I will sell these goods at the prices advertised previous to taking account of stock

Stoves and Ranges

AMOS H. VAN HORN,

Goods delivered Free of Charge to any part of the State, Credit given.

73 Market St.

Artistic Homes.



The above house contains: 1st Story, Large Open Hall, Parlor, Dining Room, Library, Kitchen, large Butler'y Pantry and Private Stairs. 2nd Story, 5 Bedrooms, Bath Room and large Closets. 3rd Story 3 Bedrooms. This design is for first story stone. Can be built for \$5,000. Mantels and stair-Attention is called to plans for houses to cost from \$3,000 to \$4,000. 1st floor.—Hall, Parlor, Dining Room, Library, Ritchen and large Pantry. 2nd floor, Four Bedrooms and Bathroum. 3rd floor, Three Bedrooms, Closets in all Bedrooms. Rents from \$550 to \$600. Fifteen built jast year in the Oranges and Moniciair. (Telephone Call 41, Orange, N. J.

Plans and Specifications furnished for the above design. Designs for Artistic Interiors Furniture and Decorations. Evening appointments made by mail. JOHN E. BAKER, Architect, 748 Broad St., Newark.

J. W. Baldwin & Bros.,

UPPER BROAD STREET,

FIRST QUALITY LEHIGH COAL,

Dry Goods, Groceries, Feed, Grain, Etc.

Crockery, Oilcloths, Rubber Boots and Shoes, Etc.

Sawed and Split Wood,

FOR

BOOK AND JOB PRINTING

AT CITY RATES

Office of "THE CITIZEN,"

BROAD STREET.

to be The re

a perc can pu be an toward higher sons, Bloomfi

THE ting up for busi caustic What h inquirie remedy